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The Life of Timon of Athens.

SECOND SERVANT:

"and his poor self . . .
"Walks, like contempt, alone"

TIMON OF ATHENS *Act* IV *Scene* 2

Booklovers Edition

Timon of Athens

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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THE
LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

Preface.

The First Edition. "*Timon of Athens*" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actors' Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that "*Troilus and Cressida*" would just have filled the space of pages 80-108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79* and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio (*vide* Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*). The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III. iv. 112) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

The Authorship of the Play. The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that "*Timon*" contains a good deal of non-Shakespearian alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I. Sc. i. 189—end of the scene (? 249-265; 283-294); the whole of Sc. ii.; Act II. Sc. ii. 45-124;

* Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

Act III., except Sc. vi. 92-109; Act. IV. Sc. ii. 30-50, (?) iii. 292-360, 402-415, 456-544; Act V. (?) Sc. i. 1-59; ii.; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, "Shakespeare s *Timon*" was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labours of Mr. Fleay (*vide* also *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187-208).*

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i.) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;† (ii.) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii.) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes, or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv.) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,‡ or by some second-rate

* "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

† The Cambridge Editors seem to hold the view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

‡ Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins (*cp.* Preface to *Pericles*); Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Com-

dramatist; (v.) that the combination of (i.) and (iii.) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearian portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his "but was made by the poet Callimachus." *

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

* In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70-73 with its original in North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antonius*):—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the seaside. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!"

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

(The substitution of *"wicked caitiffs"* for *"wicked wretches"* suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning *"My wretched caitif days," etc.*). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous Scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impres-

taining the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida*.* Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,† nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.‡

sion (*vide* Note). The speech is weak enough as it is without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

* Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

† There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's statement that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix*, in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

‡ Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead

Source of the Plot. A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*" Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e.g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon*; it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

Date of Composition. Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring) —and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i.e.* about the same time as *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear*; Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for

of *warm water,* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes,* and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of "*stones,*" is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the Folios.

him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

> *"No.—I am that I am; and they that level*
> *At my abuses reckon up their own:*
> *I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;*
> *By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;*
> *Unless this general evil they maintain,—*
> *All men are bad and in their badness reign."*
>
> (Sonnet cxxi.)

Duration of Action. The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i., ii.; Act III. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act III. Sc. iv.-vi.; Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day* 4, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 5, Act V. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 6, Act V. Sc. iii., iv.

"On his grave-stone this insculpture" (V. iv. 67).
From the Elgin Marbles.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The lavish generosity of Timon, a great lord of Athens, draws to him a throng of sycophants and hangers-on who profit by his careless extravagance. With his frank, cordial nature he does not suspect their true mission, but esteems them all his friends. They flatter him assiduously, and he showers gifts upon them or does them various good services. He gives a costly banquet at which the favours are precious stones. The reckless waste is a matter of much concern to his steward, who foresees speedy impoverishment.

II. Presently Timon's creditors begin to suspect his true financial state and press him greatly with bills. The steward at last succeeds in acquainting his master with his bankrupt condition. Timon is thunderstruck, but consoles himself with the thought that he can draw upon all the men to whom he has been liberal in time past. He therefore despatches his servants to request from them loans.

III. The false friends desert him in his hour of need; nor will they advance him money. Instead they make specious excuses and even go so far as to importune him in turn for certain sums. Timon's eyes are opened to their ingratitude and unworthiness. To express his contempt he gives a final feast, at which nothing is set forth but warm water. While uttering the bitterest reproaches he dashes the water in their faces, and ends by throwing

the dishes at them and driving them out of the banqueting-room.

IV. Timon now abjures the society of all mankind, and seeks refuge in a cave in the woods outside the city, where he subsists upon the roots of the earth. In digging them he discovers a hidden treasure of gold, but takes no pleasure in it, for it brings him only heavy recollections of his folly. He bestows a portion of the gold upon Alcibiades, a former friend of his who honestly desires to aid him, and who is now marching against Athens to humiliate that city for its unjust banishment of him. Though Timon wishes Alcibiades success, it is not because he is reconciled with him, but because he desires the punishment of Athens. The only man whom the misanthrope will acknowledge to be honest is his faithful steward, who seeks him out and remains true to him in adversity. Upon him Timon bestows a liberal gift of the treasure, enjoining him never to come within his sight again.

V. The near approach of Alcibiades to Athens causes the senators to bethink themselves of the neglected Timon. They visit him in the forest to pray his aid, promising a restoration of fortune and honour. But Timon greets their advances with taunts and curses. They return bootless to the city, which they are shortly after forced to surrender to Alcibiades. While the conqueror is singling out his own and Timon's enemies for punishment, he receives word that Timon is dead within his forest cave.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Timon.

It marks an approach to hardness and formalism in Shakespeare's conception of character that his Timon is adequately summed up in the label he adopts: "I am

Misanthropos, and hate mankind." Lear is on the whole his nearest Shakespearean analogue. The sting of ingratitude is the common provocation of both; and in both its maddening effect is enhanced by naïve ignorance of men and equally naïve exaggeration of their own claims. Both are simple natures, finely gifted, but quite without subtlety and penetration; a single shock throws them off their balance. But Lear is testy, self-indulgent, arrogant and exacting from the first; while Timon is quixotically generous, and thinks his honour concerned to give more than is asked, and to repay tenfold what he receives. Lear's most imperious ethical instinct is that of the primitive Northern tribe—the duty of children to parent; Timon's is that of the philosophic schools and society of Athens—the duty of friend to friend. . . . In the Athens of Timon this noble communism is as dead as the duty of children in the heart of Regan. His disillusion, as terrible as Lear's, and far nearer, in kind, to common experience, is far less real, and is worked out with gravely diminished dramatic resource. His monologues, close packed, knotty with phrase, but unbroken in their sombre monotony, take the place of the wonderfully varied and modulated temper of Lear. His anger pursues its way like a torrent without pause or change. It is more penetrated than Lear's with the hunger for moral retribution, and the discovery of the gold puts the instrument of it in his grasp—the

> damned earth,
> Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
> Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
> Do thy right nature.

Of Timon's series of vindictive encounters before his cave, little but the idea is probably ultimately due to Lucian. The poet may be foreshadowed in Gnathonides, the envoys of repentant Athens in Demeas. But Flavius, the one honest man, is Shakespeare's characteristic creation, and in Apemantus and Alcibiades he adapted to the

scheme of Lucian the suggestive hints of Plutarch. In Plutarch both figure only as the companions of Timon's misanthropic days, the one his fellow cynic, the other his destined avenger upon Athens. Shakespeare introduced both into the picture of Timon's prodigal festivities. The misanthrope by nature was thus set in sharp contrast with the misanthrope by disillusion, and the ground was laid for their encounter in the second part (IV. iii. 198 *et seq.*) with its profoundly imagined discrimination between the set hatred grounded in habit and creed and that kindled by fresh conviction, the misanthropy which is a form of intellectual self-indulgence, and that which is goaded with poignant memories.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Timon and Shakespeare.

With few exceptions, those portions of the play in which Timon is the speaker can have come from no other hand than that of Shakspere. If such conjectures were allowed to possess any worth, one might venture to assert that by the time this play was written, Shakspere had mastered the impulses within himself to mere rage against the evil that is in the world. The impression which the play leaves is that of Shakspere's sanity. He could now so fully and fearlessly enter into Timon's mood, because he was now past all danger of Timon's malady. He had now learned to strive with evil and to subdue it; he had now learned to forgive. And therefore he could dare to utter that wrath against mankind to which he had assuredly been tempted, but to which he had never wholly yielded.

It would seem that about this period Shakspere's mind was much occupied with the questions, In what temper are we to receive the injuries inflicted upon us by our fellow men? How are we to bear ourselves towards

those that wrong us? How shall we secure our inward being from chaos amid the evils of the world? How shall we attain to the most just and noble attitude of soul in which life and the injuries of life may be confronted? Now, here in Timon we see one way in which a man may make his response to the injuries of life; he may turn upon the world with a fruitless and suicidal rage. Shakspere was interested in the history of Timon, not merely as a dramatic study, and not merely for the sake of moral edification, but because he recognized in the Athenian misanthrope one whom he had known, an intimate acquaintance, the Timon of Shakspere's own breast. Shall we hesitate to admit that there was such a Timon in the breast of Shakspere? We are accustomed to speak of Shakspere's gentleness and Shakspere's tolerance so foolishly that we find it easier to conceive of Shakspere as indulgent towards baseness and wickedness than as feeling measureless rage and indignation against them—rage and indignation which would sometimes flash beyond their bounds and strike at the whole wicked race of man. And it is certain that Shakspere's delight in human character, his quick and penetrating sympathy with almost every variety of man, saved him from any persistent injustice towards the world. But it can hardly be doubted that the creator of Hamlet, of Lear, of Timon, saw clearly, and felt deeply, that there is a darker side to the world and to the soul of man.

The Shakspere invariably bright, gentle, and genial is the Shakspere of a myth. The man actually discoverable behind the plays was a man tempted to passionate extremes, but of strenuous will, and whose highest self pronounced in favor of sanity. Therefore he resolved that he would set to rights his material life, and he did so. And, again, he resolved that he would bring into harmony with the highest facts and laws of the world his spiritual being, and that in his own high fashion he accomplished also. The plays impress us as a long study of self-control—of self-control at one with self-surrender to the

highest facts and laws of human life. Shakspere set about attaining self-mastery, not of the petty, pedantic kind, which can be dictated by a director or described in a manual, but large, powerful, luminous, and calm; and by sustained effort he succeeded in attaining this in the end. It is impossible to conceive that Shakspere should have traversed life, and felt its insufficiencies and injuries and griefs, without incurring Timon's temptation—the temptation to fierce and barren resentment.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Alcibiades.

The whole conduct of Alcibiades forms a complete parallel to that of Coriolanus, and here again the connection between the two plays is obvious. Shakespeare found a brief account of the mutual relations of Timon and Alcibiades in North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, together with a description of Timon's goodwill towards the general on account of the calamities that he foresaw he would bring upon the Athenians. The name of Alcibiades would not recall to Shakespeare, as it does to us, the most glorious period of Greek culture, and such names as Pericles, Aristophanes, and Plato—he generally gives Latin names to his Greeks, such as Lucius, Flavius, Servilius, etc.; nor did it represent to him the unrivalled subtlety, charm, instability, and reckless extravagance of the man. He would read Plutarch's comparison of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, in which the Greek and Roman generals are considered homogeneous, and for Shakespeare Alcibiades was merely the soldier and commander; on that account he let him occupy much the same relation to Timon that Fortinbras did to Hamlet.

Where Timon merely hates, Alcibiades seizes his weapons; and when Timon curses indiscriminately, Alcibiades punishes severely but deliberately. He does not

tear down the city walls and put every tenth citizen to the sword, as he is invited to do; he only seeks vengeance on his personal enemies and those whom he considers guilty.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Apemantus.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practise the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to vicious.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Flavius.

An exception to this general picture of selfish depravity is found in the old and honest steward Flavius, to whom Timon pays a full tribute of tenderness. Shakespear

was unwilling to draw a picture "*ugly all over with hypocrisy.*" He owed this character to the good-natured solicitations of his Muse. His mind might well have been said to be the "sphere of humanity."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to this friendship of semblance and falsehood, stands the true and warm affection of Timon's household, especially that of his steward Flavius, whom Timon declares the only honest man. In an over-civilized, morally corrupt state, where the senators are usurers, where the people abandon themselves to luxury and gluttony, and banish the more virtuous or leave them to perish from neglect, and where the army, accompanied by courtesans, takes up arms against its own country, the little of virtue and morality that is left takes refuge in the lowest orders.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Blankness of Feature.

The want of individualisation of numerous persons in the play, named and unnamed, is a cause of apparent inferiority and infirmity; the forms of shabbiness are varied among the false friends, but not appropriated. Shabby tricks to save their money, and shabby means of obtaining it, do not suffice alone to mark out one mean man from another by absolute and necessary indication. Certainly it may be said that this blankness has some propriety in marking the herd as a herd; and accordingly, the omission of the names of individual friends at the last banquet of warm and steaming water, is quite consistent with the rest; but the play in which blankness of feature is so largely required or admissible, will lose in dignity, though it must be admitted that some of the scenes thus carried on between generic rather than indi-

vidual personations—for instance, the opening dialogue of the Poet and the Painter, have all the appearance of being, from the first word to the last, entirely Shakespeare's.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Non-Shakespearian Elements.

We must now, with a view to defining the non-Shakespearian elements of the play, devote some attention to its dual authorship. In the first act it is particularly the prose dialogues between Apemantus and others which seem unworthy of Shakespeare. The repartee is laconic but laboured—not always witty, though invariably bitter and disdainful. The style somewhat resembles that of the colloquies between Diogenes and Alexander in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe.* The first of Apemantus's conversations might have been written by Shakespeare—it seems to have some sort of continuity with the utterances of Thersites in *Trolius and Cressida*—but the second has every appearance of being either an interpolation by a strange hand, or a scene which Shakespeare had forgotten to score out. Flavius's monologue (I. ii.) never came from Shakespeare's pen in this form. Its marked contrast to the rest shows that it might be the outcome of notes taken by some blundering shorthand writer among the audience.

The long conversation, in the second act, between Apemantus, the Fool, Caphis, and various servants, was, in all probability written by an alien hand. It contains nothing but idle chatter devised to amuse the gallery, and it introduces characters who seem about to take some standing in the play, but who vanish immediately, leaving no trace. A Page comes with messages and letters from the mistress of a brothel, to which the Fool appears to belong, but we are told nothing of the contents of these letters, whose addresses the bearer is unable to read.

In the third act there is much that is feeble and irrelevant, together with an aimless unrest which incessantly pervades the stage. It is not until the banqueting scene towards the end of the act that Shakespeare makes his presence felt in the storm which bursts from Timon's lips. The powerful fourth act displays Shakespeare at his best and strongest; there is very little here which could be attributed to alien sources. I cannot understand the decision with which English critics (including a poet like Tennyson) have condemned as spurious Flavius's monologue at the close of the second scene. Its drift is that of the speech in the following scene, in which he expresses the whole spirit of the play in one line: "What viler things upon the earth than friends!" Although there is evidently some confusion in the third scene (for example, the intimation of the Poet's and Painter's appearance long before they really arrive), I cannot agree with Fleay that Shakespeare had no share in the passage contained between the lines, "Where liest o' nights, Timon?" and "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive."

One speech in particular betrays the master-hand. It is that in which Timon expresses the wish that Apemantus's desire to become a beast among beasts may be fulfilled:—

"If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee: and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner."

There is as much knowledge of life here as in a concentrated essence of all Lafontaine's fables.

The last scenes of the fifth act were evidently never revised by Shakespeare. It is a comical incongruity that makes the soldier who, we are expressly told, is unable to read, capable of distinguishing Timon's tomb, and even

of having the forethought to take a wax impression of the words. There is also an amalgamation of the two contradictory inscriptions, of which the first tells us that the dead man wishes to remain nameless and unknown, while the last two lines begin with the declaration, "Here lie I, Timon." Notwithstanding the shocking condition of the text, the repeatedly occurring confusion of the action, and the evident marks of an alien hand, Shakespeare's leading idea and dominant purpose is never for a moment obscured. Much in *Timon* reminds us of *King Lear,* the injudiciously distributed benefits and the ingratitude of their recipients are the same, but in the former the bitterness and virulence are tenfold greater, and the genius incontestably less. Lear is supported in his misfortunes by the brave and manly Kent, the faithful Fool, that truest of all true hearts, Cordelia, her husband, the valiant King of France. There is but one who remains faithful to Timon, a servant, which in those days meant a slave, whose self-sacrificing devotion forces his master, sorely against his will, to except one man from his universal vituperation. In his own class he does not meet with a single honestly devoted heart, either man's or woman's; he has no daughter, as Lear; no mother, as Coriolanus; no friend, not one.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Consensus of Critics.

Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire: a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of

every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude —the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different; Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman: he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

Timon of Athens is one of Shakspeare's most remarkable pieces, and in many respects is a problem that has given editors, interpreters, and critics much to puzzle their brains with, which has nevertheless not, by any means, as yet been satisfactorily solved. In the first place the representation suffers from a striking want of equality; some portions have evidently been worked out with pleasure and care, others, on the contrary, have been so carelessly

thrown off, and connected in so loose and disjointed a manner, that they are not only wanting in strict coherence, but even contradictions have crept in. It is much the same as regards the delineation of the characters; several of the personages, especially Timon himself, are described minutely and thoroughly in Shakespeare's usual masterly style, others are mere sketches drawn with a few touches, and other again, mere representatives of whole classes of men. Lastly, similar contradictions pervade the diction: by the side of lines which, in structure, rhythm, and linguistic character entirely resemble the treatmnt of the blank verse of Shakspeare's later pieces, we find a loose and careless prose, unconnected, bounding transitions from the one form of language to the other, passages of which it cannot be determined whether they are intended to be verse or prose; we also find rhyming couplets in places where Shakspeare does not generally employ them.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The play is one of the less celebrated and less attractive among Shakespeare's works. The theme itself is not the most enticing, and its treatment must be pronounced to be in many respects unsatisfactory. The inequality of the execution will be acknowledged by every careful reader. Some parts are wrought out with great skill and completeness; others are hastily and rudely sketched, while certain necessary links seem to be omitted altogether. The versification is often a mystery, and the prose frequently appears to be written with exceeding carelessness. But the main characteristic of the play is the dark colouring in which it portrays social life. Its speech is steeped in bitterness; it contains the most vindictive utterances against mankind to be found in Shakespeare. A noble, generous character is victimized to the last degree, and driven forward to suicide. Unselfishness apparently becomes tragic in a selfish world. Still, the other side is not neglected; this very unselfishness is

seen to be at bottom selfish. Timon is guilty, and has to take the consequence of his deed. He turns misanthrope, full of vehement sarcasm and red-hot imprecation. The latter part of the play, in particular, is a bath of gall.

SNIDER: *The Shakespearian Drama.*

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship. In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespear. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

The Life of
Timon of Athens.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *flattering lords.*

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*
FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweller and Merchant.
An Old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.*

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

The Life of
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: and I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. Mine hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day, is 't Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.
Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*
First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
First Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for 't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket, within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee: I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books. Well, would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate,

But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money?
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I 'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.
Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?
Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!
Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! 220
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he 's stepp'd 230
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe; 239
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he

would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible that the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged

extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Sempronius's house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twas sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What 's yours?—
and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so. My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I 'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What 's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He had been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all

My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men,—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains:

if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?
Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let 's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:

I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timdn. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There 's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Were thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou

wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I 'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what are thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward.
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 540
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends. 10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it

be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he 's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there 's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment: hence!
[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, man-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us,
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more': now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,

Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred (Hanmer, "*make himself abhorr'd*"); I. i. 60.
Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 247.
Advance, promote, raise to honour; I. ii. 171.
Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 219.
Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority (Warburton, "*Hallow'd*"); V. i. 165.
All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 235.
Alteration; "a. of honour," *i.e.* change to dishonour; IV. iii. 469.
Ample, amply; I. ii. 130.
Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.
Argument, contents; II. ii. 185.
——, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.
Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.
Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.
Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.
Attend, await; III. v. 102.
Attends, awaits; I. ii. 154.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 154.
Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.
Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.
Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.
Becks, nods; I. ii. 239.
Beggar's dog; II. i. 5. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIIth century black-letter ballad.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.
Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.
Best, that which can be most depended upon (S. Walker conj. "*last*"); III. iii. 36.
Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.
Blood, temper (Johnson conj. "*mood*"); IV. ii. 38.
Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.
Brain's flow, tears (Hanmer, "*brine's flow*"); V. iv. 76.
Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.
Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.
Breathed, trained ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course"; I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 122.
Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.
Bruit, rumour; V. i. 196.
By, according to; I. i. 171.
By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 361.
Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.
Caudle, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.
Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.
Character, writing; V. iii. 6.
Charge, commission; III. iv. 25.
Charitable; "ch. title," *i.e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 90.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 221.
Clear, pure; IV. iii. 27.
Close, (?) closely; IV. iii. 391.
Cock; "wasteful c." (*v.* Note); II. ii. 169.
Cog, deceive; V. i. 98.
Coil, ado, confusion; I. ii. 238.
Cold-moving, distant; II. ii. 219.
Comes off well, i.e. is well done; I. i. 29.
Comfortable, comforting; IV. iii. 499.
Composture, compost; IV. iii. 446.
Compt; "in c.," *i.e.* for the computation of the interest due (Folios, "*in. Come*"; Hanmer, "*in count*"; Keightley conj. "*in mind*"); II. i. 34.
Conceptious, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
Condition, (?) art (perhaps "*would be well express'd in our c.*" = "would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
Conditions, inclinations (perhaps = "vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
Confectionary, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
Confound, destroy IV. iii. 338.
Confounding, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
——, ruinous; IV. iii. 395.
Confusion, destruction; IV. iii. 324.
——, ruin; V. iv. 52.
Con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 430.
Continuate, continual; I. i. 11.
Contraries, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
Convert, turn; IV. i. 7.
Corinth, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
Couch'd; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 179.
Counterfeit, portrait, likeness; V. i. 83.
Courage, disposition; III. iii. 24.
Crown'd, glorified; II. ii. 188.
Cunning, profession; IV. iii. 209.
Curiosity, scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

Date-broke, date-broken (Folios, "*debt, broken*"; Malone, "*date-broken*"); II. ii. 38.
Dear, used intensively; IV. iii. 385.

Dear, extreme, desperate; V. i. 231.
Dearest, utmost; I. i. 124.
Dedicated; "a d. beggar to the air," *i.e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
Deed of saying, doing what one promises (Pope reads "*deed*"); V. i. 28.
Defiled, used with a play upon "*pitch'd*" (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 415); I. ii. 231.
Depart, part; I. i. 253.
Depraved, slandered; I. ii. 139.
Depraves, slanders; I. ii. 139.
Deserts; "all d.," *i.e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
Dich, a corruption of "*do it*," due to the phrase "*d' it ye*" (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 72.
Discharged, paid; II. ii. 12.
Discovery, disclosing; V. i. 37.
Disfurnish, deprive of means; III. ii. 49.
Dispraise, disparagement; I. i. 165.
Dividant, divided; IV. iii. 5.
Doit, the smallest coin; a trifle; I. i. 210.
Doubt, fear; I. ii. 153.
Doubtfully, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
Draught, sink; V. i. 105.

Earnest, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
Embossed, tumid, swollen; V. i. 220.
Entertain, use, employ; IV. iii. 497.
Ever, always (Rowe's emendation of Folios, "*very*"); I. ii. 29.
Exceptless, making no exception; IV. iii. 503.

Fail, offence (Capell's reading; Folios, "*fall*"; Hanmer, "*fault*"); V. i. 151.
Fall; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 212.
Falling-from, falling off (Pope, "*falling off*"); IV. iii. 405.
Fang, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
Fate, evil destiny (Warburton conj. "*fault*"); III. v. 14.
Feeders, parasites; II. ii. 166.
Fees, property (Warburton conj. "*foes*"; Singer, "*lees*"); III. vi. 82.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 18.
Fierce, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
Files, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
Flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
Flood, sea, ocean; V. i. 219.
Flush, in its full vigour; V. iv. 8.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 64.
For, because; III. v. 80.
——, of; V. i. 11.
Forth on, onward; I. i. 49.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
Fractions, broken sentences; II. ii. 218.
Frame, plan; IV. iii. 262.
Framed, moulded, shaped; V. i. 126.
Frankly, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 186.

Free, liberal; II. ii. 240.
From, from among; I. ii. 90.
——, away from; IV. iii. 534.

German, akin; IV. iii. 342.
Girdlest in, dost surround (Folios, "*girdles*"); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 234.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older (Theobald, "*goes*"); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe*; II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 219.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 27.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.
Harness, armour; I. ii. 52.
Having, possessions; II. ii. 151.
Heart; "in h.," heartily; *i.e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. "*your health*"); I. ii. 53.
Heaven, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 256.
Hew to, shape by cutting (Daniel conj. "*hew out*"); V. iv. 46.
Hinge, bend; IV. iii. 211.
His, its; I. i. 31.
Hoar, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
Hold, continue; II. i. 12.
Hold taking, bear handling; I. ii. 153.
Honesty, liberality, bounty; III. i. 30.
Horrid, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
Hoy-day, hey-day; I. ii. 131.
Humour, caprice (Folios 1, 2, "*humors*"); III. vi. 115.
Hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 252.
Husbandry, good management, economy; II. ii. 162.
Hyperion, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

Idle, trifling; I. ii. 154.
——, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
Importunacy, importunity; II. ii. 42.
Incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
Incontinent, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
Infected, diseased (Rowe, "*affected*"); IV. iii. 202.
Inferr'd, alleged; III. v. 73.
Infinite, (?) numberless (Grant White conj. "*infectious*"); III. vi. 102.

Influence (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 66.
Ingeniously, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 228.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
Innocence (?) want of spirit (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 195.
Intending, pretending; II. ii. 217.
Ira furor brevis est, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
It, its; V. i. 151.

Keep his house, remain within the house; III. iii. 42.

Lag, lowest class (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*legge*"; Anon. *ap.* Rann conj. "*tag*"); III. vi. 84.
Late, lately; II. i. 1.
Lay for, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
Leak'd, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
Leech, physician; V. iv. 8
Legs, used with play upon (i.) limbs, (ii.) bowing; I. ii. 240.
Length; "at l.," at last; II. ii. 156.
Levell'd, aimed; I. i. 47.
Liberty, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
Limited, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 433.
Lined, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
Lively, to the life; V. i. 85.
Loaden, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

Made-up, complete, perfect; V. i. 101.
Make, do; III. v. 46.
Many, many of; III. vi. 10.
Marrow, vigour; V. iv. 9.
Mean; "mean eyes," *i.e.* eyes of inferiors (Theobald conj. "*men's*"); I. i. 93.
Means, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.
Meddler, used with quibble upon "*medlar*"; IV. iii. 309.
Medlar, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
Meed, merit; I. i. 276.
Men, human beings; IV. iii. 534.
Merely, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
Mind, magnanimity; I. ii. 164.
Minion, favourite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
Minute-jacks, time-servers (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-Clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 101.
Misanthropos, hater of mankind (Folio 1, "*misantropos*"); IV. iii. 53.
Moe, more; I. i. 41.
Monstrous, unnatural; V. i. 91.
Moss'd, overgrown with moss (Folios 1, 2, "*moyst*"; Folios 3, 4, "*moist*"); IV. iii. 223.
Motives, authors; V. iv. 27.
Multiplying, increasing; IV. i. 34.
Mysteries, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

Natural, used probably in double sense (i.) genuine, (ii.) a fool; V. i. 88.
Nature, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.

Jack o' the clock.
From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Near, nearly; I. ii. 179.
Neighbour, neighbouring; IV. iii. 94.

Objects, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
Occasion, necessity; III. ii. 26.
Occasions, engagements; III. vi. 10.
Offices, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 165.
On, at; I. i. 141.
——, in; IV. iii. 101.
Ope, open; V. iv. 47.
Operant, active; IV. iii. 25.
Opulency, opulence, riches; V. i. 38.
Ort, remnant; IV. iii. 400.
Out, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
Outgoes, exceeds; I. i. 273.
Owed; "o. to you," held at your service; I. i. 151.

Pack, be off; V. i. 115.
Page, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
Painfully; "thou hast p. discovered"; *i.e.* thou hast to our distress discovered; V. ii. 1.
Paper, bonds, deeds (Warburton, "*proper*"; Hanmer, "*perpetuum*"; Kinnear conj. "*person*"; Becket conj. "*pauper*"); I. ii. 250.
Part, particular business (S. Walker conj. "*pact*"); V. i. 123.
——, side, part; "in general p.," in the public cause; V. ii. 7.
——, depart; IV. ii. 21.
Particular, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
Particularly; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
Parts, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
——, virtues; III. v. 76.
Passes, surpasses (Jackson conj. "*surpasses*"); I. i. 12.
Passion, violent emotion; III. i. 59.
Patchery; "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 99.

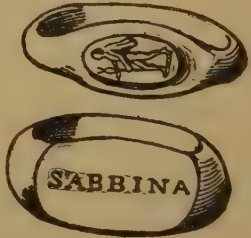
Pawn, pledge; I. i. 147.
Perfect; "for ever p.," arrived at the perfection of happiness; I. ii. 86.
Perfection, highest excellence; (? "perfect image"); III. vi. 94.
Perfumes; "diseased p." = "diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.
Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.
Personating, representing; V. i. 35.
Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.
Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 209.
Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.
Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.
Preferr'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.
Present; "p. slaves," *i.e.* immediate slaves (S. Walker conj. "*peasant slaves*"); I. i. 71.
Presentment; "upon the heels of my p., "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.
Proof, test; II. ii. 164.
——, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.
Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.
Prosperous, favourable; V. i. 186.
Protest, vow; IV. iii. 439.
Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 17.
Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.
Push, pshaw! (Theobald, "*Psha*"; Hanmer, "*Pish*"); III. vi. 112.

Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.
Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.
Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 400.
Quittance, requital; I. i. 279.

Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.
Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.
Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 67.
Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 473.
Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.
Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.
Remembrance; "better r.," *i.e.* remembrance of better things; III. vi. 46.
Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
Remotion, non-appearance, absence (Grant White conj. "*motion*"); IV. iii. 344.
Render, statement, confession; V. i. 152.
Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.
Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.
Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.
Requite, repay; IV. iii. 529.
Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 81.
Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 7.
Restraining, withholding; V. i. 151.
Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.
Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.
Rother's, ox's (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Folios, "*Brothers*"; Rowe, "*b e g g a r's*"; Warburton, "*weather's*"; Farmer conj. "*broader*"; etc.) IV. iii. 12.
Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.
Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.
Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
Scope; "conceived to s.," *i.e.* "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Folios, "*conceyu'd, to scope*"; Theobald, "*conceiv'd to th' scope*"); I. i. 72.
Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 183.
Seen; "is my lord s. yet," *i.e.* to be seen; III. iv. 9.
Semblable, like; IV. iii. 22.
Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 211.
Set; "s. so only to himself," *i.e.* "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 120.
Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.
Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 164.
Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 410.
Signet; II. ii. 208. (*Cp.* the subjoined facsimiles of antique specimens.)



Sinner, a cause of sin; I. ii. 58.
Smooth'd, flattered; IV. iii. 17.
So, if only; V. iv. 48.
Solidares, small pieces of money; III. i. 46.
Something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.
Sour, bitter (Rowe's emendation; Folios, "*four*"; S. Walker conj. "*your*"); V. i. 223.
Spilth, spilling; II. ii. 167.
Spirit, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.
Spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.
Spotted die; V. iv. 34. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Square, suitable; V. iv. 36.
Starve, paralyse (Folio 1, 2, "*sterue*"); I. i. 247.
States, estates; I. i. 67.

(*a*)

(*b*)

From specimens found (*a*) in the neighbourhood of Marsielles and (*b*) at Herculaneum respectively.

Still, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 522.
Stint, stop; V. iv. 83.
Stout, strong; IV. iii. 32.
Strain, race; I. i. 249.
——, quality; IV. iii. 213.
Strait, strict; I. i. 96.
Strange, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.
Strife, emulation; I. i. 37.
Sufferance, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 520.
Swath; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make; V. i. 213.
Tendance, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.
That, would that; IV. iii. 281.
Time's flies, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 100.
Tiring, busy; III. vi. 4.
To; "call to you," *i.e.* call on you; I. ii. 221.
'*Told,* counted; III. v. 107.
Touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 393.
Touch; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.
Touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.
Toward, at hand; III. vi. 60.
Towardly, docile; III. i. 36.
Tract, track; trace; I. i. 50.
Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.
True, honest; IV. iii. 464.
Trump, trumpet; I. ii. 119.
Try, trial; V. i. 10.

Unagreeable, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.
Unbolt, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.
Uncharged, unassailed; V. iv. 55.
Unclew, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.
Unctuous, oily; IV. iii. 195.
Under; "u. praise," by being praised so much (not "*underpraise*" as the jeweller understands it); I. i. 165.
Under, under pretence of; III. iii. 33.
Undergo, undertake; III. v. 24.
Unmatched, matchless; IV. iii. 524.
Unnoted, (?) imperceptible (perhaps = undemonstrative); III. v. 21.
Unpeaceable, quarrelsome (Collier MS., "*unappeasable*"); I. i. 269.
Unremoveably, fixedly; V. i. 227.
Untirable, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.
Use, customary; I. i. 279.
Uses, necessities; II. i. 20.

Window-bars.
From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 136.
Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 45.
Visitations, visits; I. ii. 223.
Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
Void, emit; I. ii. 137.
Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.
Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.
Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 38.
Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.
Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 183.
Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.
Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Witch, bewitch; V. i. 158.
Without, outside; V. iv. 39.
Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.
Yield, grant; I. ii. 196.

Enter Apemantus and Fool (Stage Directions, II. ii.).
From a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms, when whole, probably displayed some comic gesture.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 21. *'gum, which oozes'*; Johnson's reading; Folios read *'gown, which uses'*; Pope, *'gum which issues.'*

I. i. 24-25. *'flies Each bound it chafes'*; Folios, *'chases'*; Becket conj. *'flies. Eche (bound) it chafes'*; Schmidt, *'chafes with.'*

I. i. 30-31. *'grace Speaks his own standing'*; Johnson conj. *'standing . . . graces* or *grace Speaks understanding'*; Mason conj. *'Grace speaks its own standing'*; Jackson conj. *'grace Speaks! 'tis on standing'*; Orger conj. *'grace . . . seeming.'*

I. i. 40. *'happy man'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'happy men.'*

I. i. 47. *'sea of wax'*; Bailey conj. *'sweep of taxing'*; Collier MS., *'sea of verse,'* etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 87. *'slip'*; Folios, *'sit'*; Delius conj. *'sink.'*

I. i. 129. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!' —True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 233. *'That I had no angry wit to be a lord'*; Blackstone conj. *'Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord'*; Malone conj. *'That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!'*; Anon. conj., *'That I had no ampler wit than be a lord'*; Warburton, *'That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord'*; Heath conj. *'That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,'* etc., etc.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 71. *'sin'*; Farmer conj. *'sing'*; Singer conj. *'dine'*; Kinnear conj. *'surfeit.'*

I. ii. 122-127. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 129. *'Music, make their welcome'*; Pope reads *'Let musick make their welcome'*; Capell, *'Musick, make known their welcome.'*

I. ii. Direc. *'A mask of ladies as Amazons.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a plate illustrating the Imperial Festivities at Venice, 1560.

II. i. 10. *'And able horses'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'An able horse'*; Theobald, *'ten able horse'*; Jackson conj. *'Ay, able horses'*; Collier MS., *'a stable o' horses'*; Singer conj. *'Two able horses.'*

II. i. 13. *'found his state in safety'*; Hanmer's reading; Folios, *'sound . . .'*; Capell, *'found . . . on safety'*; Capell conj. *'find . . . in safety.'*

II. ii. 6. *'Was to be'*; Heath conj. *'Was made to be'*; Long MS., *'Was'*; Mason conj. *'Was formed'*; Singer MS., *'Was truly'*; Collier MS., *'Was surely.'*

II. ii. 75. *'mistress'* (so line 107).

II. ii. 149. *'loved lord'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'dear lov'd lord'*; S. Walker conj. *'belov'd.'*

II. ii. 150. Folios read *'Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The'*; Hanmer, *'Though . . . yet now's too late a time'*; Collier MS., *'Though . . . yet now's a time too late.*

II. ii. 169. *'wasteful cock'*; Pope reads *'lonely room'*; Collier MS., *'wasteful nook'*; Jackson conj. *'wakeful cock'*; Jervis conj. *'wakeful couch'*; Keightley, *'wasteful cock-loft'*; Daniel conj. *'wakeful cot'*; Jackson's conjecture seems best, *'wakeful cock,' i.e.* 'cock-loft,' unless *'cock'* = wine-tap.

III. i. 50. *'And we alive that lived'*; *i.e.* in so short a time.

III. i. 55. *'Let molten coin be thy damnation'*; *cp.* the old ballad, *"The Dead Man's Song"*:—

"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats."

III. i. 59-60. *'slave, Unto his honour,'* Steevens' reading; Folios, *'Slave unto his honour'*; Pope, *'slave Unto this hour'*; Collier MS., *'slave unto his humour'*; Staunton, *'slave Unto dishonour'*; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 13. *'so many'*; changed by Theobald to *'fifty'*; so, too, in line 41; but the figures are very doubtful, and *'fifty-five hundred talents,'* in line 43, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 25. *'mistook him,'* etc., *i.e.* 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, *'o'erlooked'*; Warburton, *'mislook'd'*; Johnson conj. *'not mistook.'*

III. ii. 50. *'for a little part'*; Theobald, *'for a little dirt'*; Hanmer, *'a little dirt'*; Heath conj. *'for a little profit'*; Johnson conj. *'for a little park'*; Mason conj. *'for a little port'*; Jackson conj. *'for a little part'*; Bailey conj. *'for a little sport'*; Kinnear conj. *'for a little pomp.'* Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

III. ii. 70. *'spirit,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'sport'*; Collier MS., *'port.'*

III. ii. 79. *'in respect of his'*; Staunton conj. *'this.'*

III. iii. 12. *'Thrive, give him over'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'That thriv'd, give him over'*; Pope, *'Three give him over?'*; Hanmer, *'Tried give him over'*; Theobald, *'Thriv'd, give him over?'*; Tyrwhitt conj. *'Shriv'd give him over:'*; Johnson conj. *'Thrice give him over,'* etc.

III. iii. 14. *'sense'*; Collier conj. *''scuse.'*

III. iv. 112. *'Sempronius: all:'*, so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Sempronius Vllorxa: All'*; Folio 2, *'Semprovius: All'*; Malone, *'Sempronius: Ullorxa, all'*; Grant White suggested that *'Vllorxa'* was a misprint for *'Ventidius.'*

III. v. 22. *'behave his anger, ere 'twas spent'*; Folios, *'behooue*

his . . .'; Johnson conj. '*behold his adversary shent*'; Steevens conj. '*behave, ere was his anger spent*'; Becket conj. '*behave; his anger was, 'ere spent*'; Hanmer, '*behave in's . . .*'; Malone conj. '*behave his . . .*'; Collier MS., '*reprove his . . .*,' etc.

III. v. 63. '*I say, my lords, has*'; Pope reads '*I say my lords h'as*'; Folio 1, '*Why say my Lords ha's*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Why I say my lords ha's*'; Folio 4, '*Why, I say my Lords h'as*'; Capell, '*Why, I say, my lords, he has*'; Dyce, '*Why, I say, my lords, has*'; Globe edd., '*I say, my lords, he has.*'

III. v. 102. '*And, not to swell our spirit,*' *i.e.* 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, '*And note, to swell your spirit*'; Capell, '*And, not to swell your spirit*'; Singer, '*quell*'; Kinnear, '*quail.*'

III. v. 105. '*Only in bone,*' *i.e.* 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conj. '*Only at home,*' or '*Only in doors*'; Ingleby conj. '*only in bed*'; Hudson conj. '*only alone.*'

III. v. 116. '*most lands*'; Warburton, '*most hands*'; Malone conj. '*most lords*'; Mason conj. '*my stains*'; Becket conj. '*most brands*'; Jackson conj. '*most bands.*'

III. vi. 37. '*harshly o' the trumpet's*'; Rowe, '*harshly as o' the Trumpets*'; Steevens (1793), '*harshly on the trumpet's*; Grant White conj. '*harshly. O, the trumpets,*' etc.

III. vi. 95. '*you with flatteries*'; so Folios; Warburton, '*with your flatteries*'; Keightley, '*by you with flatteries*'; Folio 2 reads '*flatreries*'; S. Walker conj. '*flattery.*'

III. vi. 115, 116. '*He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.*' The annexed example of a hat with a jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.

IV. i. 21. '*let,*' Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*yet.*'

IV. ii. 35. '*what state compounds*'; S. Walker conj. '*state comprehends*'; Grant White conj. '*that state compounds*'; Watkiss Lloyd conj. '*whate'er state comprehends.*'

IV. iii. 9. '*deny't*'; Warburton, '*denude*'; Hanmer, '*degrade*'; Heath conj. '*deprive*'; Steevens conj. '*devest*'; Collier MS., '*decline*'; etc.; the indefinite '*it*' refers to the implied noun in '*raise,*' *i.e.* 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. *'pasture lards the rother's sides'*; *'rother,'* Singer's emendations for Folios *'brothers.'* Folio 1, *'Pastour'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'pastor'*; Farmer and Steevens conj. *'pasterer'*: *'lards'*; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, *'Lards'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Lords.'*

IV. iii. 18. *'all is oblique'*; Pope's emendation; Folio 1, *'All's obliquie'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Alls obliquy'*; Folio 4, *'All's obliquy'*; Rowe, *'all's obloquy'*; Lettsom conj. *'all, all's oblique.'*

IV. iii. 38. *'wappen'd'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'wapen'd'*; Warburton, *'waped'*; Johnson conj. *'wained'*; Malone conj. *'wapper'd'*; Anon. conj. *'Wapping'*; Steevens conj. *'weeping'*; Seymour conj. *'vapid'*; Staunton conj. *'woe-pin'd'*; Fleay, *'wop-eyed'*; *i.e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).

IV. iii. 106. *'conquer my country'*; Kinnear conj. *'confound my countrymen'*; Hanmer, *'make conquest of my country'*; Capell, *'conquer thy own country'*; S. Walker conj. *'scourge thy country'*; Hudson, *'scourge my country.'*

IV. iii. 116. *'window-bars'*; Johnson conj.; Folios, *'window Barn'*; Pope, *'window-barn'*; Warburton, *'window-lawn'*; Tyrwhitt conj. *'widows's barb.'*

IV. iii. 153. *'spurring'*; Hanmer, *'sparring'*; Long MS., *'spurning'*; Seymour conj. *'springing'*; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 215. *'bade'*; Folio 1, *'bad'*; Folios, 2, 3, 4, *'bid.'*

IV. iii. 225. *'when'*; S. Walker conj. *'where.'*

IV. iii. 243. *'Outlives incertain'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads *'Out-lives: incertaine'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Out-lives: in certaine'*; Hanmer, *'Out-strips incertain'*; Capell, *'Out-vies uncertain.'*

IV. iii. 254. *'drugs'*; Folios 1, 2, *'drugges'*; Mason conj. *'drudges'*; Collier MS., *'dugs'*; Capell conj. MS. *'dregs'*; *'drugs'* = *'drudges.'*

IV. iii. 283. *'my'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'thy.'*

IV. iii. 312. *'after his means,' i.e. 'after his means were gone.'*

IV. iii. 421. *'meat'*; Theobald, *'meet'* (*i.e.* 'what you ought to be'); Hanmer, *'men'*; Steevens conj. *'me,'* etc.

IV. iii. 422-426. *'Behold, the earth hath roots,'* etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires, III.* 1 (pub. 1598) :—

> *"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* etc.

IV. iii. 439. *'villany'*; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, *'villaine.'*

IV. iii. 445. '*moon*'; Theobald, '*mounds*'; Capell, '*earth*'; Tollet conj. '*main.*'

IV. iii. 500. '*dangerous nature mild*'; Thirlby conj.; Folios, '*wild*'; Becket conj. '*nature dangerous-wild*'; Jackson conj. '*dolorous nature wild.*'

V. i. 47. '*black-corner'd,*' *i.e.* 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, '*black-corneted*'; Warburton conj. '*black-cornette*'; Farmer conj. MS. '*black-coroned*'; Mason conj. '*black-crowned*'; Jackson conj. '*dark-horned*'; Singer conj. '*black-curtain'd,*' etc.

V. i. 116. '*You have work*'; so Folios; Hanmer, '*You have work'd*'; Malone, '*You have done work*'; Steevens conj. '*You've work'd.*'

V. i. 136. '*as a cauterizing*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*as a Cantherizing*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*as a Catherizing*'; Pope, '*cauterizing*'; Capell, '*cancerizing.*'

V. i. 147. '*general, gross:*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*generall grosse:*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*general-gross.*'

V. i. 213. '*haste*'; Pope, '*taste*'; Warburton conj. MS. '*tatch*'; Collier MS. '*halter.*'

V. ii. 7. '*whom,*' instead of '*who,*' owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, '*Who*'; Hanmer, '*And*'; Singer, '*When,*' etc.

V. ii. 8. '*made a particular force*'; Hanmer reads '*had . . . force*'; Staunton conj. '*took . . . truce*'; Bailey conj. '*had . . . force with,*' etc.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change '*read*' into '*rear'd.*' The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (*v. Preface*).

V. iv. 28. '*Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Shame* (*that they wanted cunning in excesse*)'; Johnson conj. '*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*'

V. iv. 62. '*render'd to your*'; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads '*remedied to your*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*remedied by your*'; Pope, '*remedied by*'; Johnson, '*remedied*

to'; Malone, *'remedy'd, to your'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'remitted to your.'*

V. iv. 79. *'On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead'*; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads *'On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead'*; Hanmer, *'On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* In *Timon*, as in *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare put his own thoughts and feelings into the mouths of the various characters of the play. Falseness and ingratitude are the subjects of the most frequent allusion. They were uppermost in Shakespeare's mind at the time, and the changes are rung upon these vices by the Epicurean and the Cynic, by servants and strangers, before and after the climax. Even the fickle Poet serves as spokesman for the all-prevailing idea; and the Painter is every whit as worthless.

30, 31. This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual standing or carriage of the original.

37. *artificial strife*:—The excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature. "The execution of the pencil emulating Nature," says Heath, "displays a life in those touches which is livelier than even life itself." So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
> In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
> His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
> As if the dead the living should exceed."

47-50. *no levell'd malice*, etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levell'd* at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."

59. *To Apemantus*:—Ritson thinks that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was as much of a courtier as the other guests.

171. *prized by their masters*:—Johnson explains: "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held." For the use of *by*, compare *Coriolanus*, III. ii. 52-54:—

> "Because that now it lies you on to speak
> To the people; not by your own instruction,
> Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you," etc.

180. *When thou art Timon's dog*, etc.:—"That is," explains Rolfe, "till you become a dog, and these knaves become honest—a far-off *morrow* to wait for." Hanmer read "When I am Timon's dog"; and Johnson interpreted the passage thus: "When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation."

185. Here, according to the judgement of most of the latest commentators, begins the anonymous workmanship. Hudson (Harvard ed.) indicates what he regards as the anonymous portions of the play by asterisks placed before the lines. From this indication it appears that Hudson assigns about three-fifths of the play to Shakespeare, including nearly the whole of Act. I. i., all of Act II. i., most of Act II. ii., almost the whole of Act III. vi., all but about thirty lines of Act IV., and all except a dozen lines of Act V. White's interesting opinion may be summarized as follows: Act I. Sc. i., Shakespeare's until the entrance of Apemantus; Sc. ii., not Shakespeare's; Act. II. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., Shakespeare's, except where the Fool appears; Act III. Sc. i., not Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, the last speech; Sc. ii., probably not Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., not Shakespeare's; Sc. v., not Shakespeare's; Sc. vi., mostly not Shakespeare's; Act IV. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., mostly Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., Shakespeare's, "and in his largest style"; Act. V. Sc. i., partly Shakespeare's; Scs. ii. and iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., Shakespeare's beyond question.

195. *for the innocence*:—Rolfe says that "it may be a question

whether this is to be taken literally or ironically." Crosby surmises that "the cynic means that the picture has *no spirit, no expression*; and dog-like he prefers it on that account."

233. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*:—In Clarke's opinion, this bears "the interpretation, 'That, being a lord, I should have no angry wit,' no faculty for acrimonious satire—such as Apemantus prides himself upon possessing. The sentence also includes the effect of 'that I had given up (Apemantus's) angry wit in order to be a lord.'" "This," adds Rolfe, "is perhaps the best of the attempts to explain the text, but it seems rather forced. If we simply strike out *angry*, we doubtless get the real meaning of the passage. The adjective is almost certainly wrong, but it is difficult to replace it satisfactorily."

Scene II.

12, 13. *If our betters*, etc.:—That is, the faults of rich persons, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.

22. *confess'd it! hang'd it*:—Perhaps an allusion to a proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

35, 36. *I myself would have no power*:—Tyrwhitt explains thus: "I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests."

37, 38. *'twould choke me, for*, etc.:—"I could not swallow thy meat, for *I* could not pay for it with flattery." So Johnson interprets.

51. *my windpipe's dangerous notes*:—"The *notes* of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is." Thus Johnson. Of course the *windpipe's notes* are "the sounds or motions made by the throat in drinking." There appears to be, as Steevens observes, a quibble on *windpipe* and *notes*.

109. *Thou weep'st*, etc.:—On this rather obscure passage, Johnson remarks: "The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou losest, they get.'" Heath's explanation is: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; . . . implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends would prove the source of tears to him flowing from real regret." Rolfe finds

neither of these interpretations satisfactory, and observes that "perhaps the expression is nothing more than a cynical sneer at the incongruity of making his tears an occasion for their drinking."

111. *like a babe*:—"That is, a weeping babe," says Johnson. Compare Heywood, *Love's Mistress*: "Joyed in his looks, look'd babies in his eyes"; also *The Christian Turned Turk*, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and babies in his eyes."

114. *Much* was a not uncommon ironical expression of denial, contempt, etc.

132. The writer probably borrowed this idea from the Puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "*Dauncers thought to be madmen.*" Again: "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." Once more: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away, marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."

133, 134. *Like madness*, etc.:—The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when compared with the frugal repast of a man feeding on oil and roots.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10. *no porter at his gate*:—Johnson believed that a line after this descriptive of a surly porter has been lost. Staunton conjectured *grim porter*, and so reads Hudson (Harvard ed.).

32. *Which flashes now a phœnix*:—*Which* (for *who*) refers to Timon; according to the common practice of Shakespeare's day.

Scene II.

17. *we 'll forth again*:—That is, to hunting; it was then the custom to hunt after dinner as well as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592: "He means this evening in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, hunted in the afternoon.

73, 74. *She's e'en*, etc.:—Alluding to the *scalding* of chickens,

to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating-tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*."

94. *to Lord Timon's*:—They are already in Timon's house. Here is some blunder hard to explain. In Clarke's opinion the presence-chamber or banqueting-room of Timon is meant.

117, 118. *artificial one*:—Meaning the great object of all alchemical research, the philosopher's stone, in the author's time much talked of.

138. *that unaptness made*, etc.:—The construction is, and you made that unaptness your minister—you made my indisposition serve you.

194-202. *you to Lord Lucius . . . hum!*—Hudson (Harvard ed.) agrees with Fleay in regarding this as non-Shakespearian, and in giving the next speech to a servant. Furnivall, on the contrary, argues that "the Steward. in answer to this request, says that he has already asked the senators; and he gives Timon their answer, that they will not lend the money. Timon, however, does not get angry about their refusal; he merely explains it and excuses it:—

> 'These old fellows .
> Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
> Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.'

Thus the refusal of these old curmudgeons does not affect Timon, does not anger him at all. It is his own personal friends that he relies on, and whose refusal he thinks impossible. Again, if Shakespeare only sent to the senators and Ventidius, he would have left, as the cause of the entire and terrible change in Timon's nature, nothing but the refusal of one false friend, Ventidius; and this, when the refusal is not given in the play, except by reference. I cannot believe that Shakespeare would make the ingratitude of one man the sole cause of Timon's entire change of character. This would not be motive enough; we *must* have refusal and ingratitude from more friends than one; and I therefore believe that Shakespeare wrote these few prose words ordering the servants to go to Lucius and Lucullus (and possibly to Sempronius), as well as the Steward to go, first to the senators, and then—that having been already tried—to Ventidius. It is quite possible that the expander of the play put in the sentence, 'You to Sempronius' (the third friend), for Shakespeare

has not introduced a third servant by name. But this is not certain, as the direction of the Folio is '*Enter three Servants*,' and a fourth false friend, and a fourth refusal, help to strengthen the motive for Timon's change of character."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

47. *solidares*:—"I believe," says Steevens, "this coin is from the mint of the Poet." Florio describes an Italian coin called a *solido* as being of the value of a shilling, which may have been the origin of the dramatist's coinage.

67. *His* for *its*, as in I. i. 31.

Scene II.

24-26. *had he mistook him*, etc.:—Lucius means that though it would have been a mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus, yet he could not have denied him.

88. *I would have put my wealth into donation*:—The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me anything, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best part of it."

Scene III.

7. *How! have they denied him?*—This speech is given with the verse-like arrangement of lines with which it is printed in the Folio; "but, if it were ever constructed in verse," says White, "only the irreparable wreck remains." Hudson, both in earlier and later editions, prints it, all but the closing couplet, as prose.

31. *set him clear*:—The commentators have had much to say on this passage. According to Warburton it means to "baffle the devil, outdo him at his own weapons." *Him*, of course, refers to *man*. *Crossed*, as Johnson and others have thought, means exempted from evil; and in their view it is the devil who is to be *set clear* of the guilt of tempting man. "Servilius," says Mason, "means to say that the devil did not foresee the advantage that

would arise to himself from thence, when he made man politic: he redeemed himself by it, for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared with them." Steevens gives "the notes of all the commentators," and then declares himself to be "in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil—puzzled, instead of being *set clear* by them." Hudson explains it thus: "In making man *crafty*, or *full of cunning shifts*, the devil overreached or *thwarted* himself; for man is likely to outdo him so far in wickedness as to pluck his laurels from him, and make him seem but a poor devil after all."

Scene IV.

16. *one may reach deep enough*, etc.:—Steevens expounds this as follows: "Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow."

91. *Knock me down with 'em*:—There is here an implied play upon words: *bills* formerly meant, in one use, a weapon. The name was given especially to certain weapons carried by foresters, watchmen, etc.

Scene V.

55. *by mercy*:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "I call Mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just." Malone's interpretation is: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable."

116. *'Tis honour*, etc.:—"That is," explains Heath, "governments are in general so ill administered that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose." Clarke's opinion is that the general means merely to say, "the more war the more glory." But Heath's explanation seems to suit the context better.

Scene VI.

102, 103. *Of man and beast the infinite malady*, etc.:—"I suspect," says White, "that there is corruption here. Why should the *infinite* malady *crust*? Did not Shakespeare write 'the *infectious* malady'? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 4:

'—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one *infect* another
Against the wind a mile!'"

123. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *stones* should be thus mentioned in this place. The things thrown may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for such missiles. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject, in which Timon invites his false friends to a feast, but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Timon is unable to accept his sorrow, and hold his nature strenuously under command until it can adjust itself to the altered state of things. He flings himself from an airy, unreal philanthropy into passionate hatred of men. He is a revolter from humanity. He foams at the mouth with imprecation. He shakes off the dust of Athens from his feet, and strives to maintain himself in isolation, the one protester in the world against the cruelty and selfishness and baseness of the race.

Scene II.

8-11. *As we do turn . . . away*:—Mason, very speciously, as White thinks, suggested that we should transpose *from* and *to* in this sentence, and read—

"As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
Slink all away."

"Undoubtedly," says White, "when we leave the graves of our friends, we turn our backs *to* or on them, and Timon's parasites did slink away *from* his fallen fortunes. But this sentence is written in a freer style than perhaps would be permissible nowadays. Here *turn our backs* is used as the equivalent of *go away*; and the conduct of Timon's familiars is spoken of in *its relation to* his buried fortunes." Hudson adopts Mason's transposition.

Scene III.

3-8. *Twinn'd brothers . . . nature*:—Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.

30, 31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.

32. This alludes to a practice ascribed to some nurses of brutally drawing away the pillow from under the heads of the dying to hasten their departure.

63, 64. *the rot returns*, etc.:—This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee." In this scene we trace the dramatist's reading to Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence the other materials of the play were drawn. Thus in Plutarch: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on

him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had and buried him as honourably as she could."

133. Brandes says: "Compare this scene with the latter part of Plutarch's *Alcibiades,* to which Shakespeare had referred, and see what the Poet's acrimony has made of Timandra, the faithful mistress who follows Alcibiades to Phrygia. They are together when his murderess sets fire to the house, and it is Timandra who enshrouds his body in the most costly material she possesses, and gives him as splendid a funeral as her isolated position can secure."

133, 134. *Enough to make . . . bawd*:—That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

144, 145. *thatch your poor thin roofs,* etc.:—The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World My Masters,* 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair,* is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead,* yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

151 *et seq.* Brandes says: "They shout to him for more gold; they will 'do anything for gold.' Timon answers them in words which Shakespeare, for all the pathos of his youth, has never surpassed, words whose frenzied scathing has never been equalled."

177-179. *Common mother,* etc.:—This image would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.

183. *crisp*:—This epithet probably has about the same meaning here as that conveyed by *the curl'd clouds* in *The Tempest,* I. ii. 192. In Milton's *Comus,* 984, we find "the *crisped* shades and bowers," apparently referring to the curling tendrils or leaves of vines.

252 *et seq.* "There is in this speech," says Johnson, "a sullen

haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence: 'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you that knoweth what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as seamarks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*'"

263-266. *as leaves*, etc.:—Somewhat of the same imagery is found in the LXXIII. *Sonnet* of Shakespeare:—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

275, 276. *If thou hadst not . . . flatterer*:—Johnson says: "Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble."

531. *Thou singly honest man*:—Wilkes finds in Timon's praise of Flavius "the second instance, only, out of twenty-nine plays, in which a man of less rank than a noble, or a knight, is spoken of with approbation and respect. The first instance is that of

old Adam in *As You Like It.* It is worthy of observation, however, that one of the characters, at the opening of the next Act, reports that Timon had given to his steward *a mighty sum.* And here it should be remarked that the stewards of great lords and millionaires, like Timon, were often of exceedingly good families, as we see by the steward of Goneril in *King Lear,* who is almost a cabinet minister."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if he and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

208 *et seq.* This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius,* where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market-place.

Scene III.

3. *Timon is dead*:—The scholiast of Aristophanes has the story that Timon died from the mortification of a limb, broken by an accident in the country, and lacking the contemned attendance of a surgeon.

Scene IV.

[*Alcibiades.*] Although possessed of none of the potential nobleness of Timon, Alcibiades has one faculty—that of perceiving such things as lie within the range of his limited observation. He does not see the whole world, but he sees the positive limited half of it rightly in the main. He is less than Timon, and yet greater; for Timon miserably fails through want of the one gift which Alcibiades has. In like manner, Hamlet failed for want

of the gift which Fortinbras possessed; and yet Hamlet's was beyond all measure a larger and rarer soul than that of the Prince of Norway. Alcibiades has, at least, not been living in a dream; he lays hold of the positive and coarser pleasures of life, and endures its positive, limited pains, definite misfortunes which lie within appreciable bounds. No absolute, ideal anguish like that of Timon can overwhelm him.

70-73. *Here lies*, etc.:—What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by consulting North's *Plutarch*. The reader will of course observe the inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying, "Seek not my name"; the second, "Here lie I, Timon." How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the dramatist was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. In *The Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:—

> "My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
> My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
> In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
> My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."

Questions on Timon of Athens.

1. To what period of the Poet's career is *Timon of Athens* assigned? With what other plays is it associated in the time scheme?

2. What has been said by critics about the doubtful authorship of parts? What parts are assigned to Shakespeare? Who have been suggested as co-authors?

3. From what sources were the materials of the play probably derived?

4. Is it recorded that *Timon of Athens* was ever played upon the stage in Shakespeare's era? Do you see any reason that makes it unsuitable for a stage-play?

ACT FIRST.

5. Interpret the meaning of the expression concerning the world, in line 3, *It wears, sir, as it grows.*

6. What does the opening Scene convey of the atmosphere in which the life of Timon is passed?

7. Give some estimate of the character of the Poet as indicated by his account of his art beginning line 20.

8. What standard of excellence is assumed for the judging of the art of printing in the conversation of the Poet and the Painter?

9. How does the Poet describe the people who surround Timon? What does he say of Apemantus? What is foreshadowed by the allegory that he draws for the Painter? How is the Painter himself affected by the recital?

10. Show what the Ventidius episode contributes to the plot. Comment on the naturalism of the subsequent colloquy with the Old Athenian concerning the marriage of his daughter.

11. Show the dramatic purpose in introducing Apemantus at this stage of the play. What is there in this colloquy from line 184 onward that has led to its condemnation as the work of Shakespeare? From previous hints is it not likely that Shakespeare designed the character?

12. In Sc. ii. what does Timon say about the return of gifts?

13. How does Apemantus reveal himself in the grace he offers to the gods?

14. Does Timon's speech upon *friendship* show him to be a bad observer of men?

15. Does the generosity of Timon strike you as fulsome? Is this impression conveyed aside from the fact that the speech of Flavius soon apprises us of his approaching bankruptcy?

16. What has Act I. established as the underlying idea of the plot? What are the positive elements of Timon's character? Do they win admiration? Does the Act fail to present certain elements concerning him that might aid in a higher appreciation?

ACT SECOND.

17. Show the turn in the tide indicated by the Senator's speeches in Sc. i. How is prudence here weighed against friendship, marking a sharp contrast with parts of the first Act?

18. For what does Flavius's speech at the opening of Sc. ii. prepare? How does Flavius prove himself a resourceful servant? What dramatic expedient is served by his manner of disposing of the servants of Timon's creditors?

19. Why are lines 45-126 judged non-Shakespearian?

20. What is Timon's proposal when he hears that his treasury is exhausted? How does he extenuate his past conduct? Upon what does he place reliance?

21. To what does Timon refer in line 204 when he speaks of the Senators, *of whom, even to the state's best health,* he has deserved a hearing?

22. What is the state of Ventidius's fortune when Timon applies to him for aid?

ACT THIRD.

23. How does Flaminius, Timon's servant, fare at the house of Lucullus? How does he reflect upon the ingratitude of Lucullus?

24. What type of man is portrayed in Lucius in Sc. ii.?

25. Is there any ironic intention in the words of the First Stranger; or do you interpret his words as a sincere utterance like those of Flaminius at the close of the first Scene?

26. What is the excuse made by Sempronius?

27. How is Timon affected in body and in mind by the treatment of his false friends? What does he finally determine upon?

28. Does the episode which is brought out in Sc. v. seem to invalidate the unity of the play? Would the case be improved by naming *the friend* for whom Alcibiades pleads?

29. Is there not a subtle harmony between the case of Timon in his present distress and that of the man under condemnation by the Senate? Is the unity which at first sight seemed destroyed in respect of this episode partially, at least, restored?

30. What does the Senate visit upon Alcibiades for his persistent pleading? How is this later inwrought into the texture of the story?

31. Sc. vi. is said to be of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What qualities differentiate it from the rest of the Act?

32. Who were present at Timon's last banquet? Would a lesser dramatist have brought Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, and Ventidius again upon the stage? Why did not Shakespeare?

33. How does he address them when they sit at the table?

34. Compare the breaking up of assembly with the similar device in the play scene of *Hamlet*.

35. With what final words does Timon quit the scene?

ACT FOURTH.

36. Mention some elements of the picture of human society that Timon draws in his imprecations upon Athens. Are these the words of a sane man? Is a man sane who is possessed by so powerful a passion?

37. How does he compare mankind and the beasts? What does he implore of the gods?

38. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? Mention some un-Shakespearian qualities of Flavius's speech beginning with line 30.

39. What things are the object of Timon's curse in the opening of Sc. iii.? Does he include himself in his general disdain of humanity? Upon what does he subsist?

40. What does he find in digging in the earth? How does he describe the power of money?

41. How is Alcibiades accompanied upon his entrance? Does Timon recognize him? Why does Timon say, *I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee something*?

42. What does Timon name himself? What does he now say

or imply concerning friendship? When, in his opinion, did he suffer miseries?

43. Against Athens, how has Alcibiades arrayed himself? What injunctions concerning Athens does Timon lay upon him? Notice how at the mention of pity by Alcibiades, Timon turns his invective mainly against pity as a possible accompaniment of war.

44. What attitude to Alcibiades personally does Timon persist in? What is his attitude towards the women who accompany Alcibiades?

45. Indicate the attitude of the dramatist towards women by the way these two curry profit out of Timon's misanthropy?

46. How in line 176 does Timon define his malady?

47. Is Nature included in the curses Timon heaps upon mankind, and if so to what extent is she exonerated?

48. Show the dramatic purpose in bringing Timon and Apemantus together. How do you contrast their respective views of human society?

49. With what arguments does Apemantus try to persuade Timon of the folly of his present course? What is there in Timon that makes such a life as Apemantus recommends impossible?

50. In lines 239 *et seq.* how does Apemantus read Timon? What degree of truth is there in his words?

51. How does Timon retort upon Apemantus? Is there truth in his analysis?

52. Does either man compel admiration?

53. When does Timon resolve to die?

54. How does he apostrophize *gold* in lines beginning with 385?

55. How does Timon meet the Banditti who come out to rob him? What warrant from nature's laws does he give them for practising theft? Compare this view of nature with that of a modern author, Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay called *Pulvis et Umbra*.

56. What effect have Timon's words upon the Banditti?

57. How is the cause of Timon's misanthropy again sounded in the words of Flavius?

58. In what way does the unselfishness of Flavius cause Timon to modify his new creed? How does Flavius again point out the weakness of Timon?

59. With what admonitions does Timon accompany his gift of gold to Flavius? In this is he consistent?

ACT FIFTH.

60. Does the scene between Timon and the Poet and Painter suggest Hamlet's dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the method employed in leading them into self-conviction?

61. Who are the last visitors to Timon and by whom are they sent? What inducements are used to persuade Timon to return to Athens? What has led the Senate to make this request? What has the play revealed of Timon's past history to warrant this confidence in him?

62. Indicate the immediate effect upon him of the words of the Senators.

63. In the speech beginning line 171 does Timon show a genuine pity for mankind, assuming his point of view as a just and righteous one? In other words does Shakespeare prove the case of misanthropy as a legitimate moral view-point?

64. Does Timon in his latest speeches reach a pitch of pessimism that seems to involve more than mankind in his arraignment for the evils, to use his words, *that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain in life's uncertain voyage*? Is there ever a hint that men are helpless in the hands of malevolent deities?

65. What is effected by Scenes ii. and iii.?

66. What charges does Alcibiades bring against Athens in Sc. iv.? How do the Senators exonerate Athens and the present inhabitants from blame for that which Alcibiades is bringing punishment? Upon whom do they allow punishment to fall?

67. From whence did Shakespeare derive the epitaph of Timon? Of the two couplets which do you consider the more appropriate?

68. What humour is there in the comment of Alcibiades upon Timon's choice of a resting-place? What sublimity in the fact itself?

69. How does this Scene present a justification of Timon?

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70. The hero of a drama should commend himself to the intellectual approbation if not to the moral affections. Does Timon fulfil either of these demands? Show in what way this is effected, if you decide affirmatively. Has Shakespeare ever before set himself so difficult a problem?

71. Does religion or philosophy set any approval upon misanthropy? Is it a legitimate *motif* for dramatic art? Has any

Questions

other of the world's great dramatists treated the *motif*? If so, has it been treated in the spirit of tragedy or comedy?

72. Does the present day development of philosophic thought make it any longer possible to treat misanthropy as a tragic *motif*?

73. Comment on Shakespeare's spiritual state at the time of writing this play. What characters save the play from inculcating absolute pessimism? In what ways do they furnish the reaction from the dominant implications?

74. Support by citation from the play the following criticism by Lloyd: "He speaks and curses in spleen and sarcasm rather than malevolently, and the natural tendency of his suggestions of mischief is from their tone rather to awaken shame and self-mistrust in the vicious than to stimulate to vice, and some notes of lamentation and remonstrance are audible amidst and above his angry complaints."

75. Show the similarity and contrast between Coriolanus and Timon.

76. In what way is Apemantus related to Thersites?

77. Mention some passages of poetry that may be said to possess sublimity and show their dramatic fitness.

78. Had Shakespeare bidden the world farewell with this play what would be assumed as to his knowledge and experience of life? What evidence have we that he attained to higher spiritual levels?